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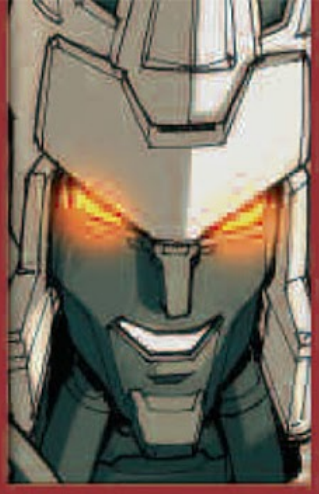
THE TRANSFORMERS
SPOTLIGHT
RAMJET



RAMJET.
A lone-wolf DECEPTICON whose plans involve nothing less than the overthrow of MEGATRON himself. But is RAMJET the master schemer he believes, or just another pretender to the throne? One way or another, he is about to find out.

THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT RAMJET

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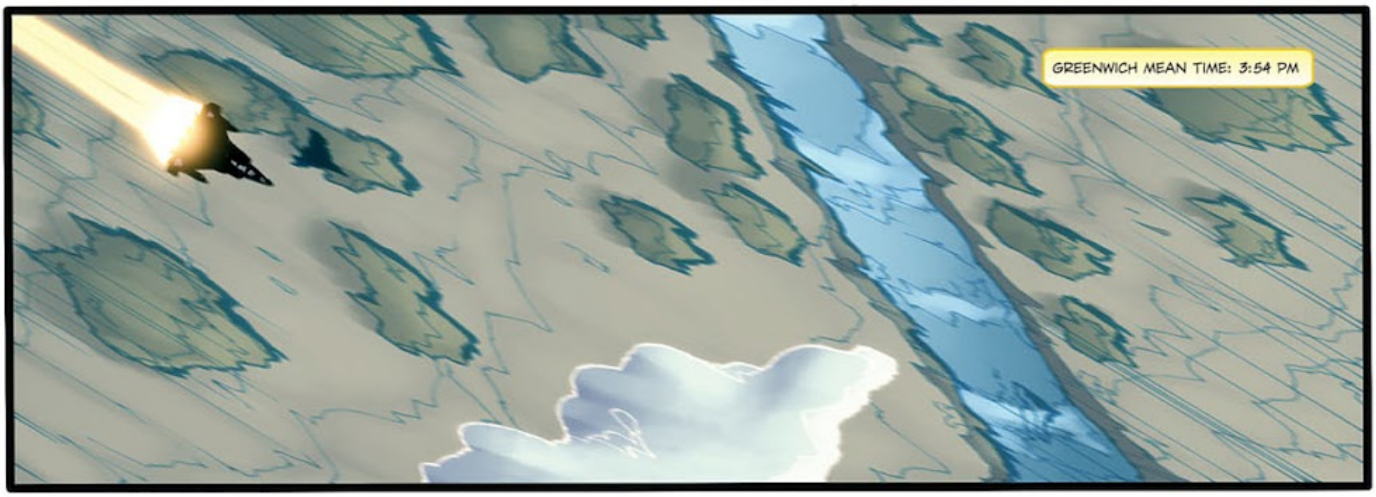
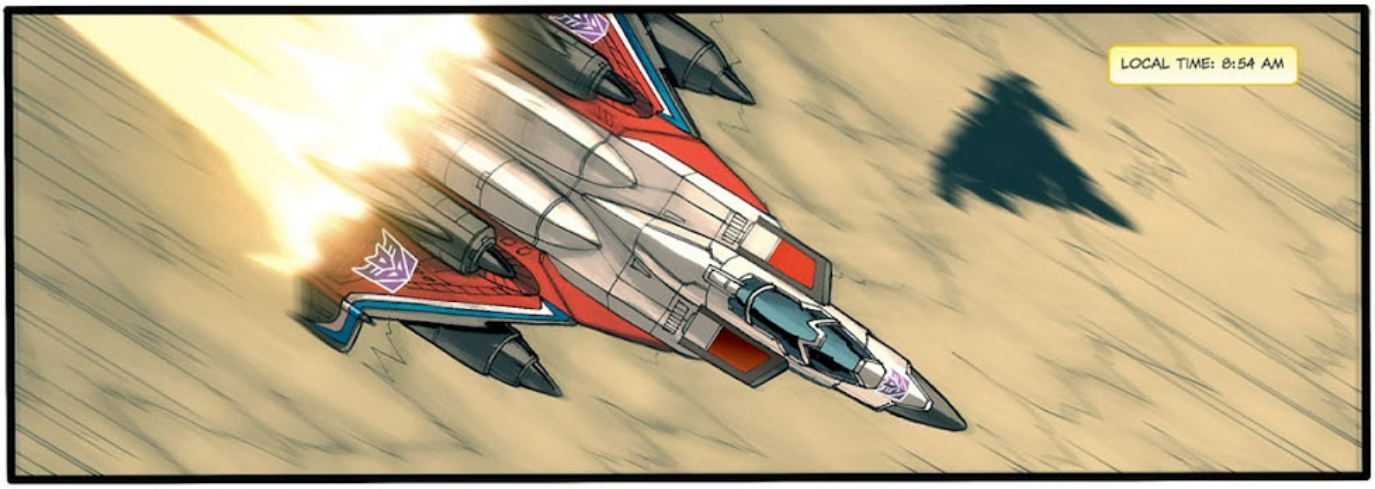
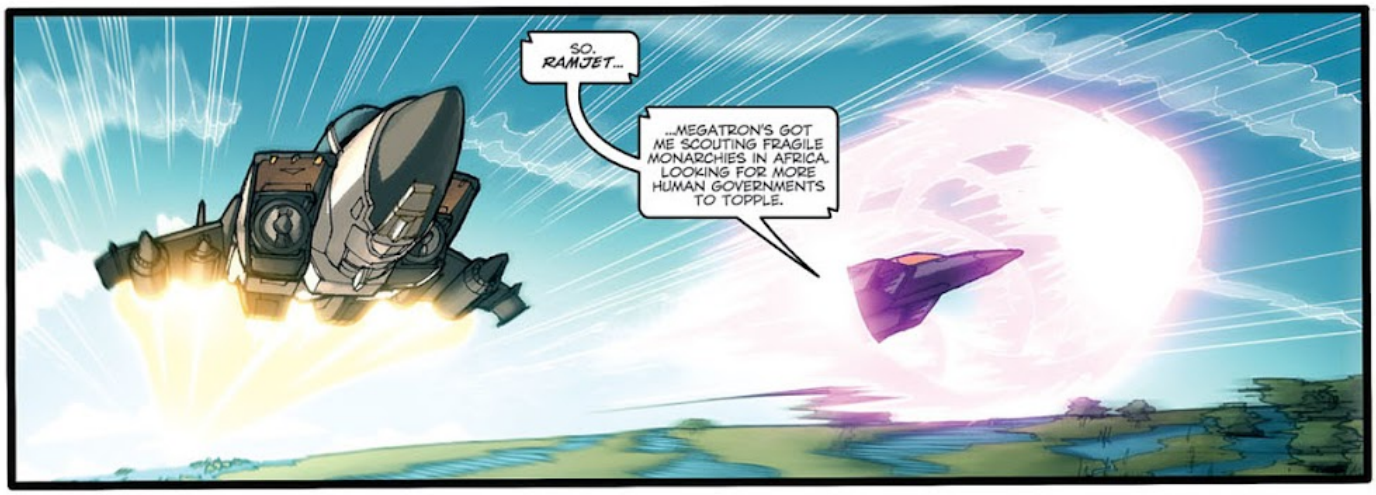
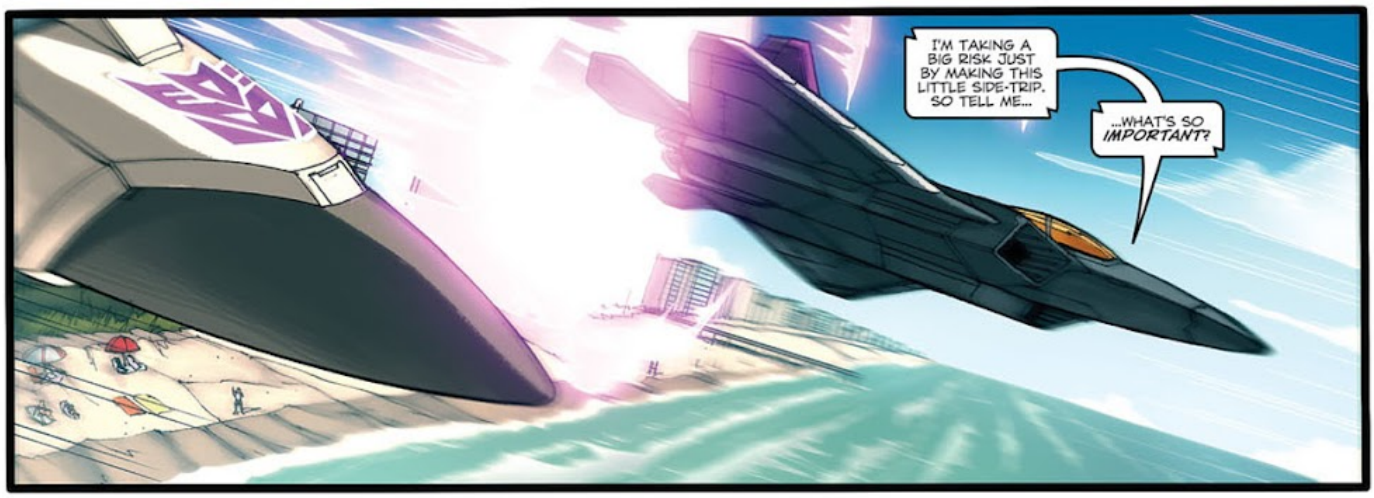
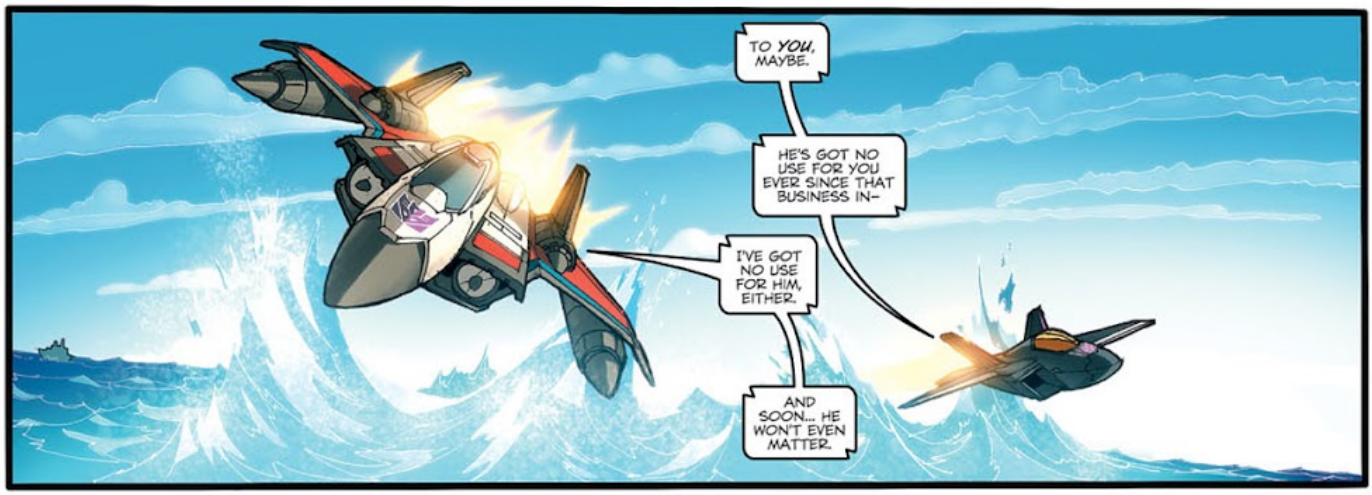

GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 3:54 PM


LOCAL TIME: 8:54 AM

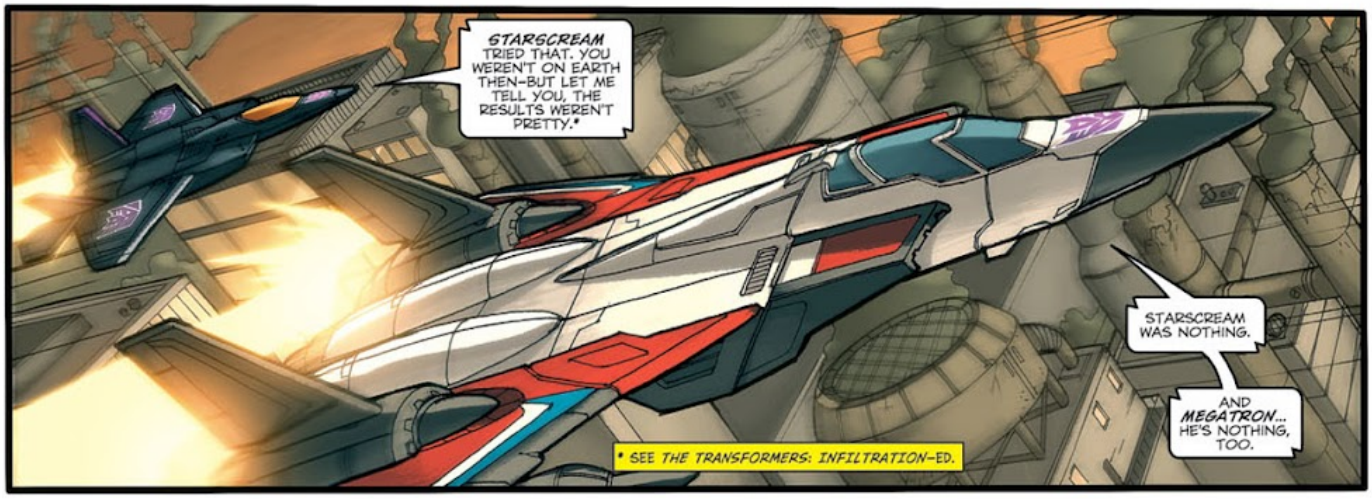

SO. RAMJET...
...MEGATRON'S GOT ME SCOUTING FRAGILE MONARCHIES IN AFRICA. LOOKING FOR MORE HUMAN GOVERNMENTS TO TOPPLE.

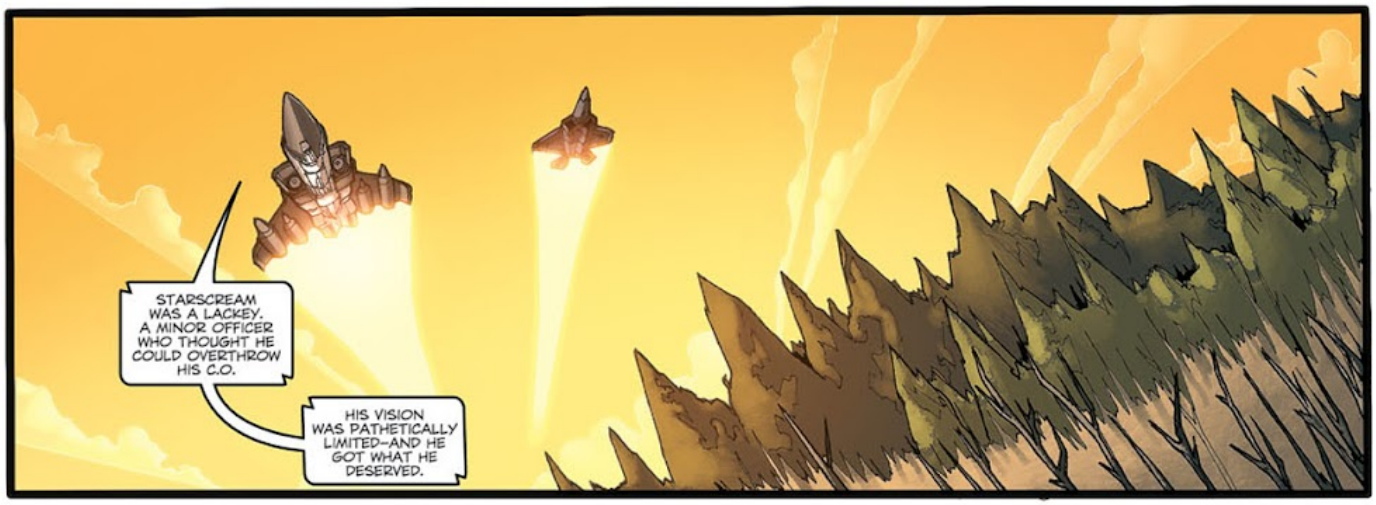

I'M TAKING A BIG RISK JUST BY MAKING THIS LITTLE SIDE-TRIP. SO TELL ME...
...WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

HA!
FORGET ABOUT MEGATRON, SKYWARP.
HE'S YESTERDAY'S NEWSGRID.

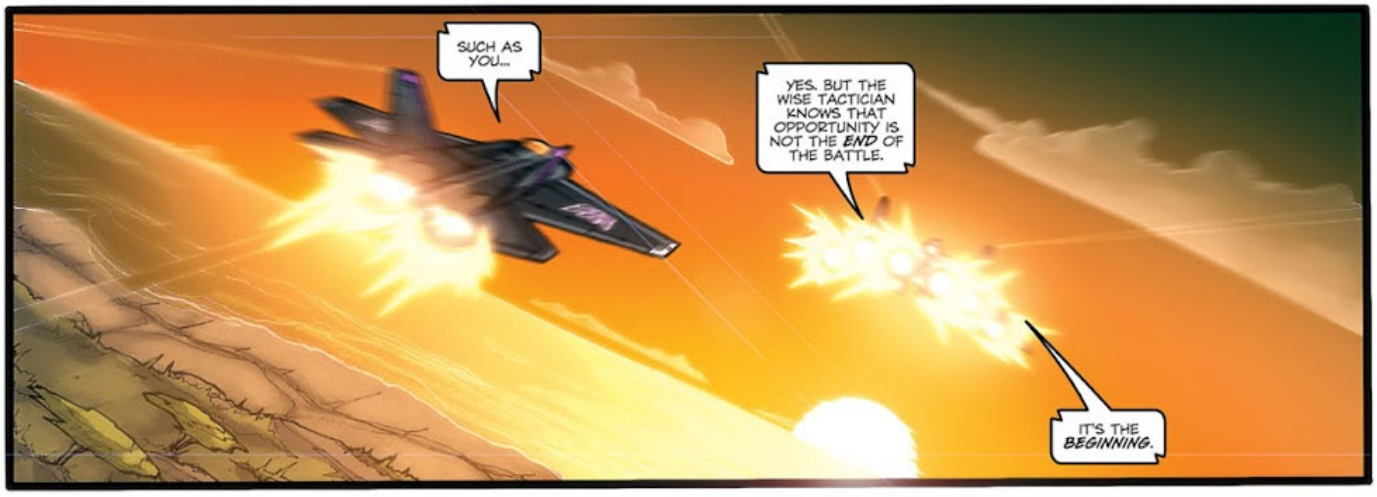

TO *YOU*, MAYBE.
HE'S GOT NO USE FOR YOU EVER SINCE THAT BUSINESS IN–
I'VE GOT NO USE FOR HIM, EITHER.
AND SOON... HE WON'T EVEN MATTER.

WAIT A MINUTE. YOU'VE PULLED SOME CRAZY STUNTS BEFORE–
–BUT YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF GOING UP AGAINST *HIM*?

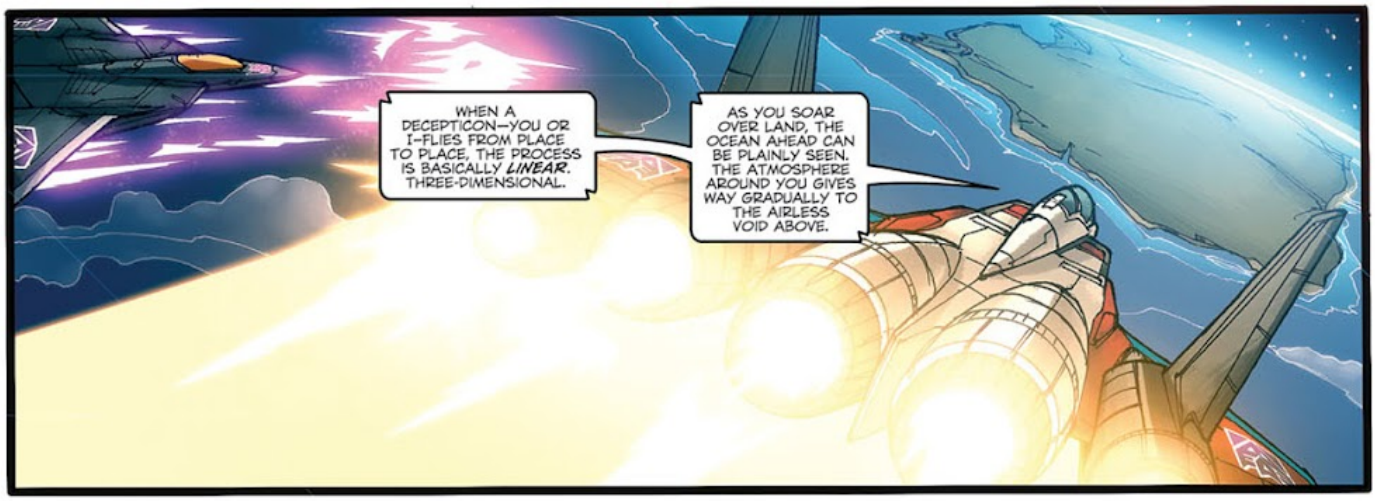

STARSCREAM TRIED THAT. YOU WEREN'T ON EARTH THEN–BUT LET ME TELL YOU, THE RESULTS WEREN'T PRETTY.*
STARSCREAM WAS NOTHING.
AND *MEGATRON*... HE'S NOTHING, TOO.
* SEE *THE TRANSFORMERS: INFILTRATION*–ED.


STARSCREAM WAS A LACKEY. A MINOR OFFICER WHO THOUGHT HE COULD OVERTHROW HIS C.O.
HIS VISION WAS PATHETICALLY LIMITED–AND HE GOT WHAT HE DESERVED.

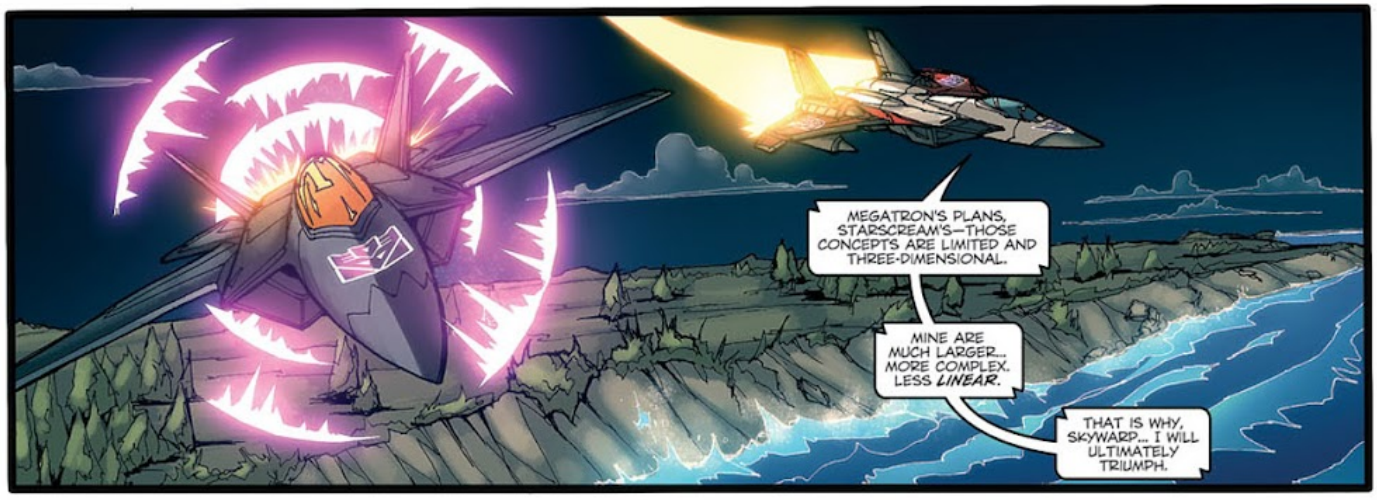
MEGATRON BELIEVES THIS WORLD IS IMPORTANT. SO HE'S COME HERE PERSONALLY–AND THAT'S HIS *FATAL* MISTAKE.
HE'S *ISOLATED* HIMSELF–MAKING HIM AN EASY TARGET. A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR HIS ENEMIES.

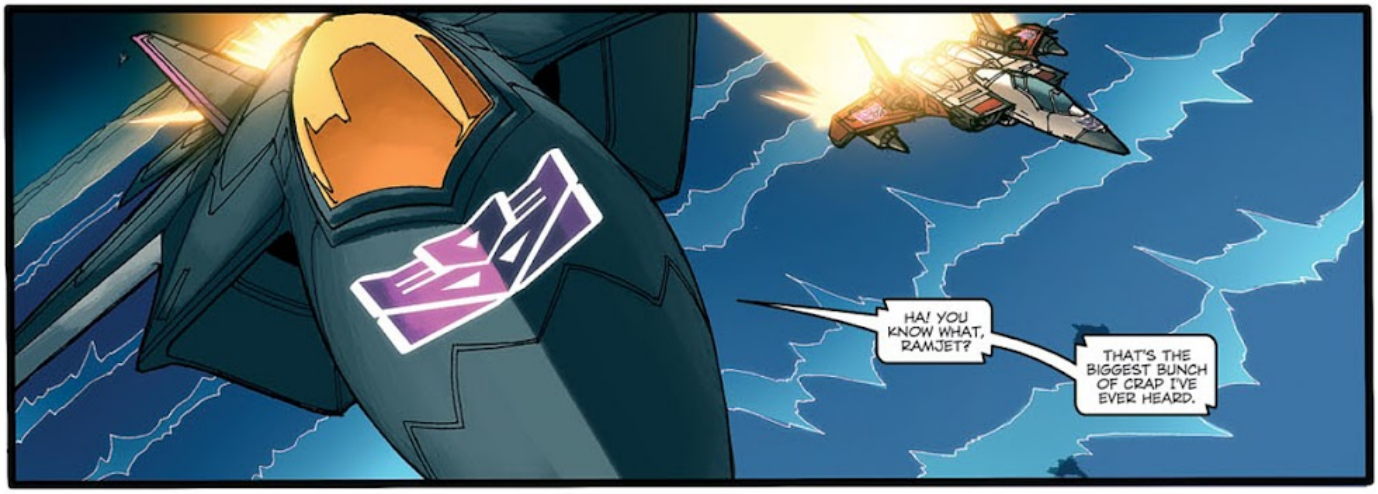

SUCH AS YOU...
YES. BUT THE WISE TACTICIAN KNOWS THAT OPPORTUNITY IS NOT THE *END* OF THE BATTLE.
IT'S THE *BEGINNING*.

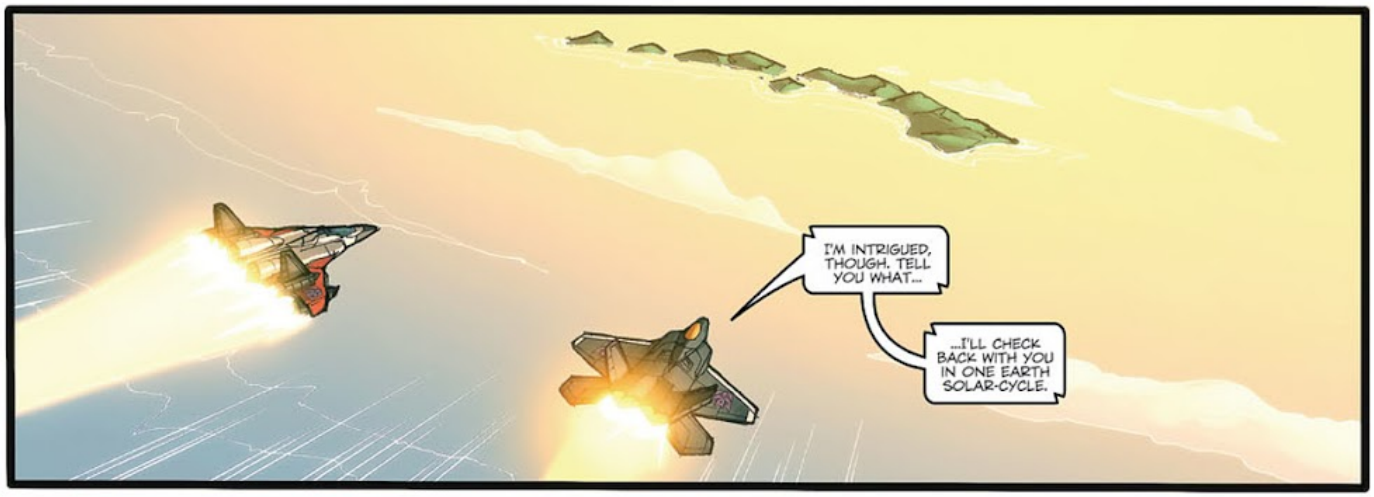
MY PLANS ARE MANY AND COMPLEX, SKYWARP.
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE...

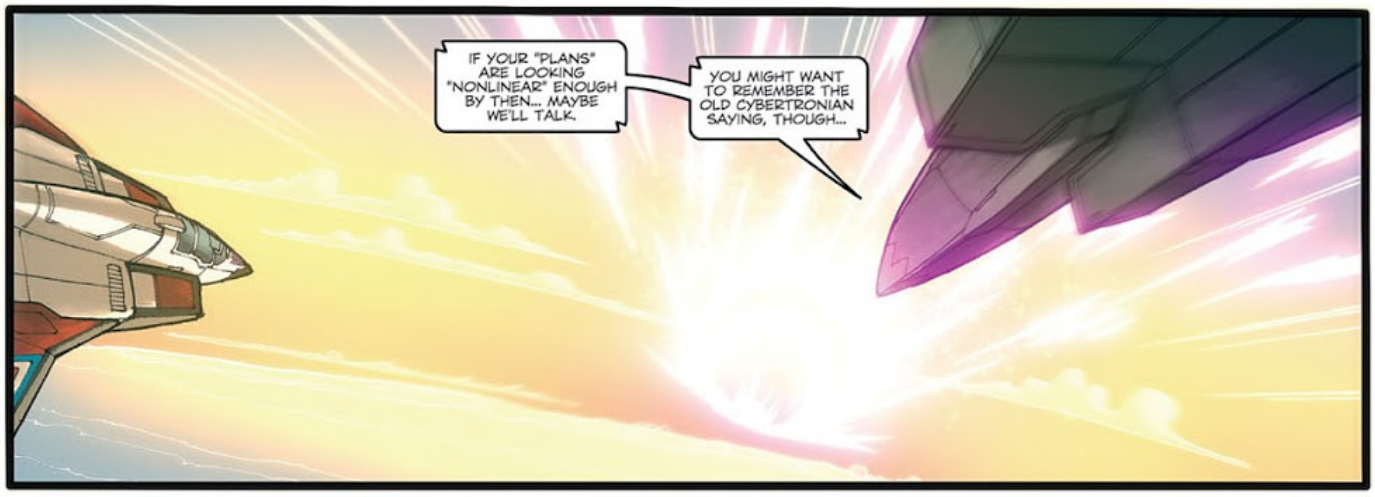

WHEN A DECEPTICON—YOU OR I—FLIES FROM PLACE TO PLACE, THE PROCESS IS BASICALLY *LINEAR*. THREE-DIMENSIONAL.
AS YOU SOAR OVER LAND, THE OCEAN AHEAD CAN BE PLAINLY SEEN. THE ATMOSPHERE AROUND YOU GIVES WAY GRADUALLY TO THE AIRLESS VOID ABOVE.

BUT WHEN WE PERFORM AN ORBITAL BOUNCE—OR WHEN YOU, YOURSELF, TRAVEL THROUGH ONE OF YOUR SPATIAL WARPS—
—WE APPEAR, SUDDENLY, TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

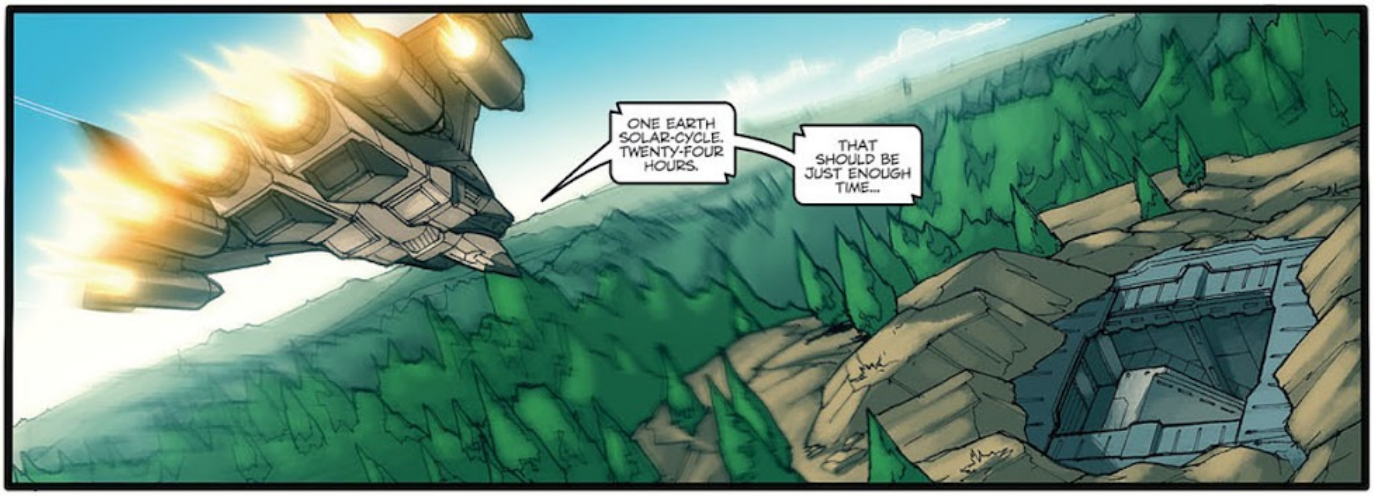

MEGATRON'S PLANS, STARSCREAM'S—THOSE CONCEPTS ARE LIMITED AND THREE-DIMENSIONAL.
MINE ARE MUCH LARGER... MORE COMPLEX. LESS *LINEAR*.
THAT IS WHY, SKYWARP... I WILL ULTIMATELY TRIUMPH.

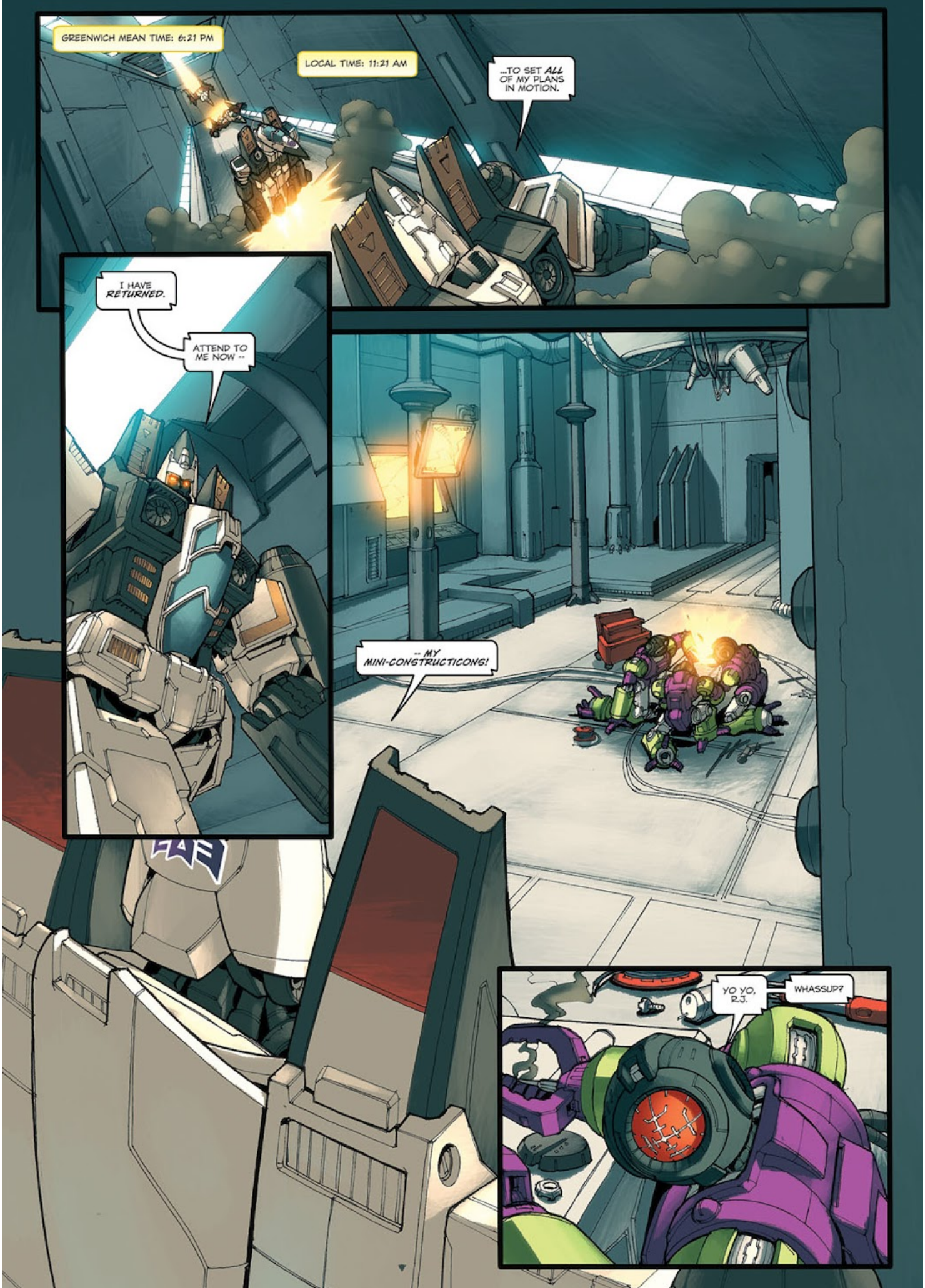

HA! YOU KNOW WHAT, RAMJET?
THAT'S THE BIGGEST BUNCH OF CRAP I'VE EVER HEARD.

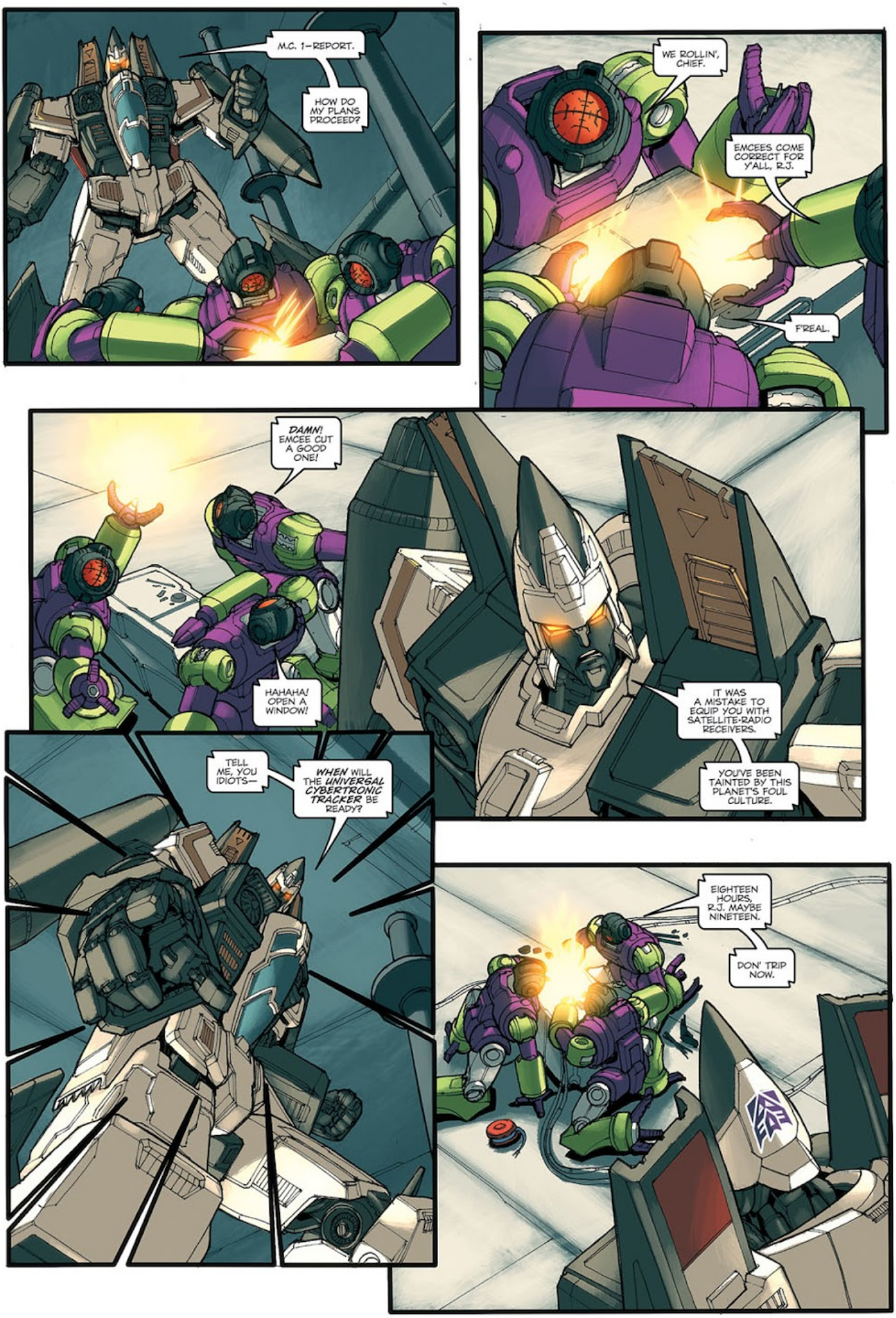

I'M INTRIGUED, THOUGH. TELL YOU WHAT...
...I'LL CHECK BACK WITH YOU IN ONE EARTH SOLAR-CYCLE.

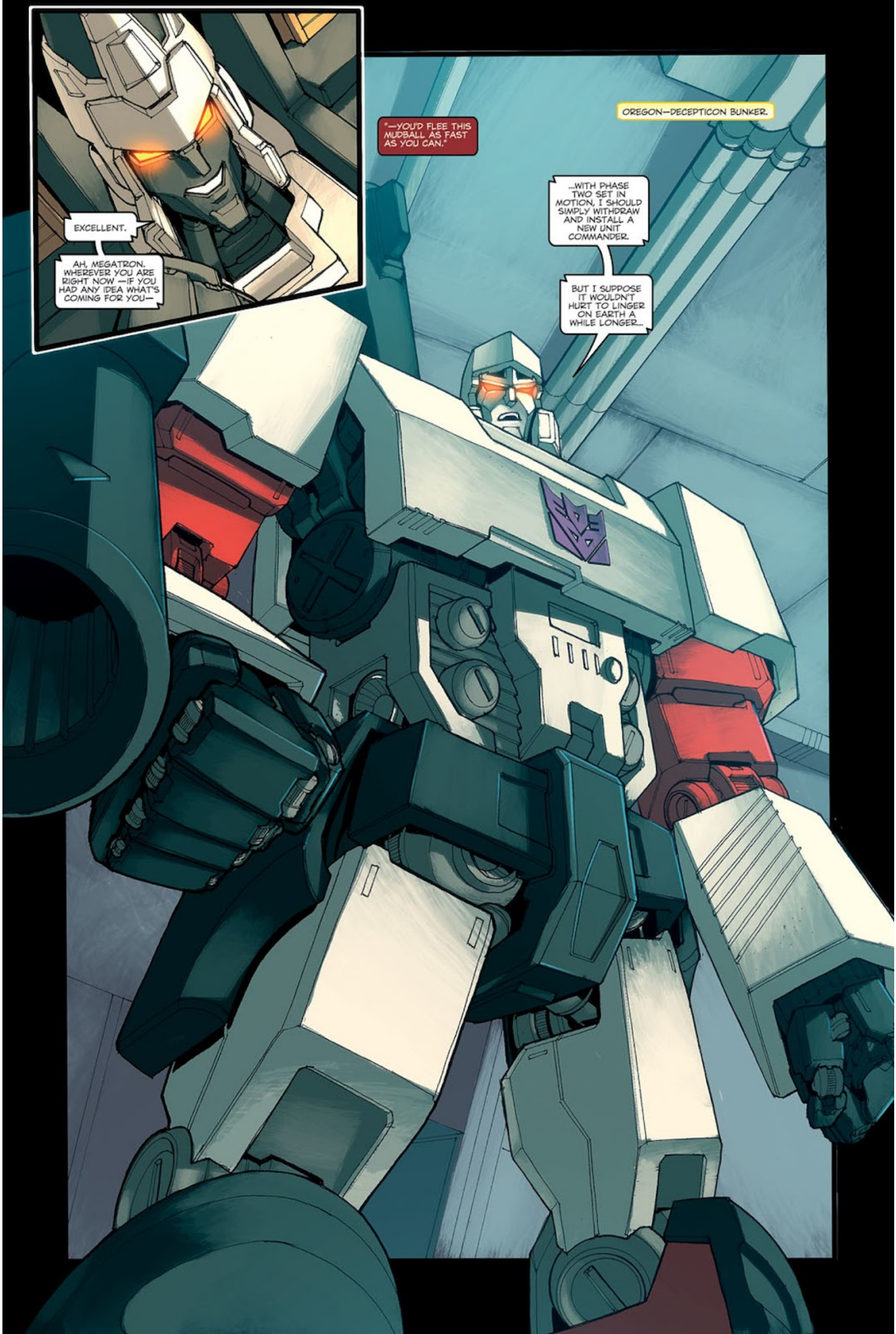

IF YOUR "PLANS" ARE LOOKING "NONLINEAR" ENOUGH BY THEN... MAYBE WE'LL TALK.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO REMEMBER THE OLD CYBERTRONIAN SAYING, THOUGH...

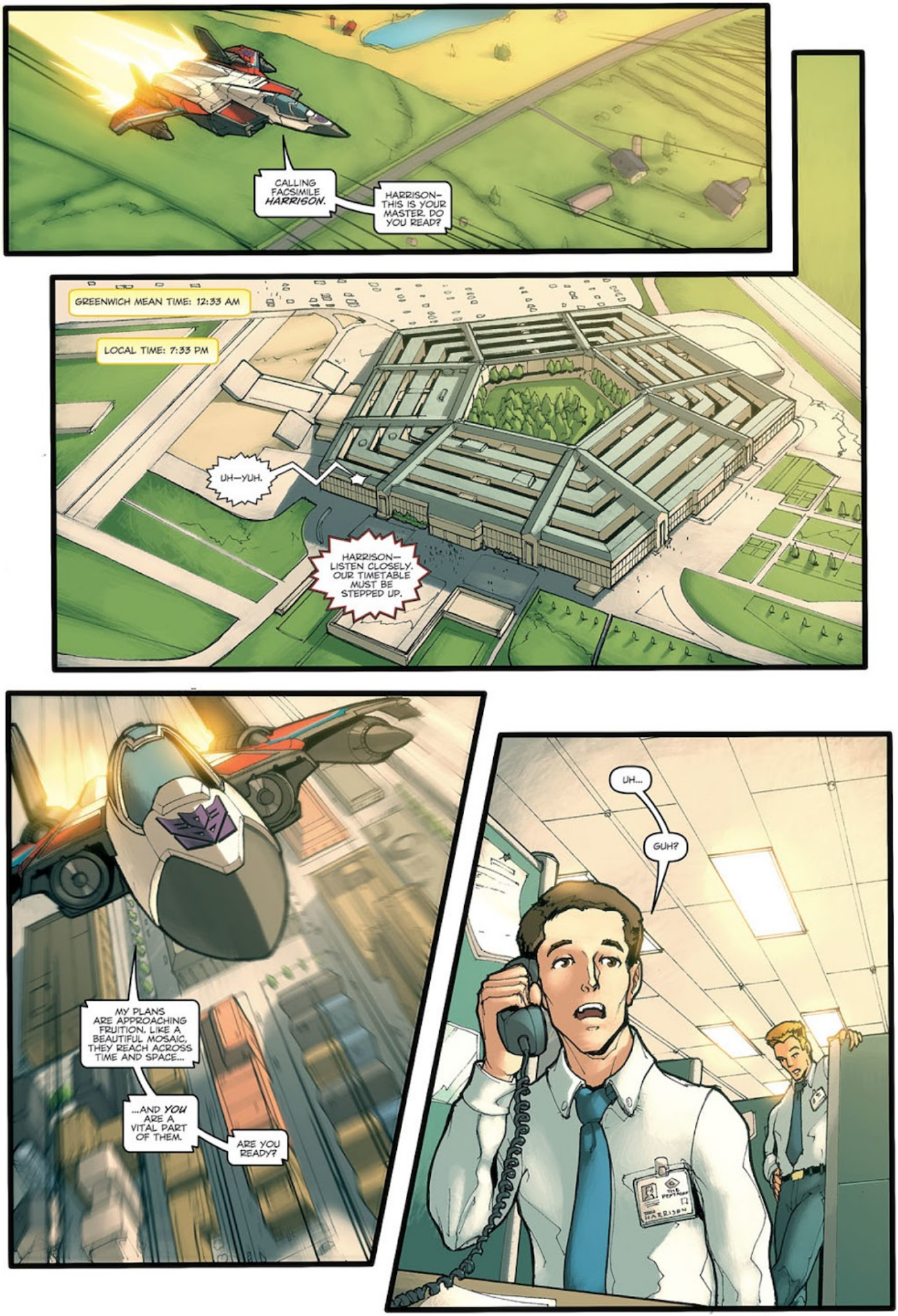
"...ALWAYS BET ON THE LEADER."

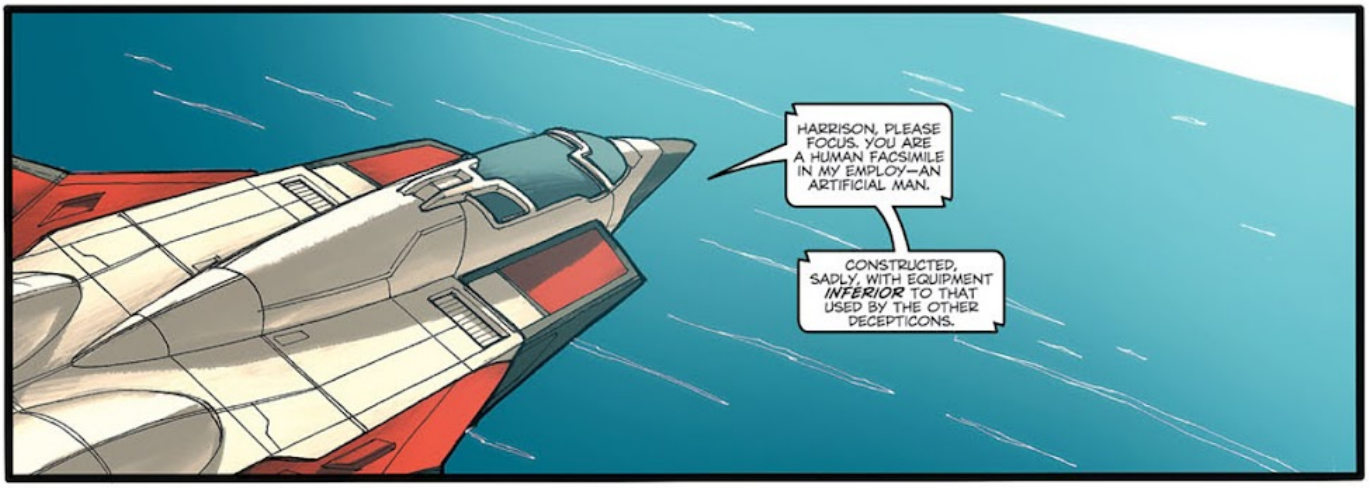

ONE EARTH SOLAR-CYCLE. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
THAT SHOULD BE JUST ENOUGH TIME...


GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 6:21 PM
LOCAL TIME: 11:21 AM
...TO SET ALL OF MY PLANS IN MOTION.
I HAVE RETURNED.
ATTEND TO ME NOW --
-- MY MINI-CONSTRUCTICONS!
YO YO, R.J.
WHASSUP?


M.C. 1–REPORT.
HOW DO MY PLANS PROCEED?
WE ROLLIN', CHIEF.
EMCEES COME CORRECT FOR Y'ALL, R.J.
F'REAL.
DAMN! EMCEE CUT A GOOD ONE!
HAHAHA! OPEN A WINDOW!
IT WAS A MISTAKE TO EQUIP YOU WITH SATELLITE-RADIO RECEIVERS.
YOU'VE BEEN TAINTED BY THIS PLANET'S FOUL CULTURE.
TELL ME, YOU IDIOTS—
WHEN WILL THE UNIVERSAL CYBERTRONIC TRACKER BE READY?
EIGHTEEN HOURS, R.J. MAYBE NINETEEN.
DON' TRIP NOW.


OREGON—DECEPTICON BUNKER.
"—YOU'D FLEE THIS MUDBALL AS FAST AS YOU CAN."
...WITH PHASE TWO SET IN MOTION, I SHOULD SIMPLY WITHDRAW AND INSTALL A NEW UNIT COMMANDER.
BUT I SUPPOSE IT WOULDN'T HURT TO LINGER ON EARTH A WHILE LONGER...
EXCELLENT.
AH, MEGATRON. WHEREVER YOU ARE RIGHT NOW —IF YOU HAD ANY IDEA WHAT'S COMING FOR YOU—

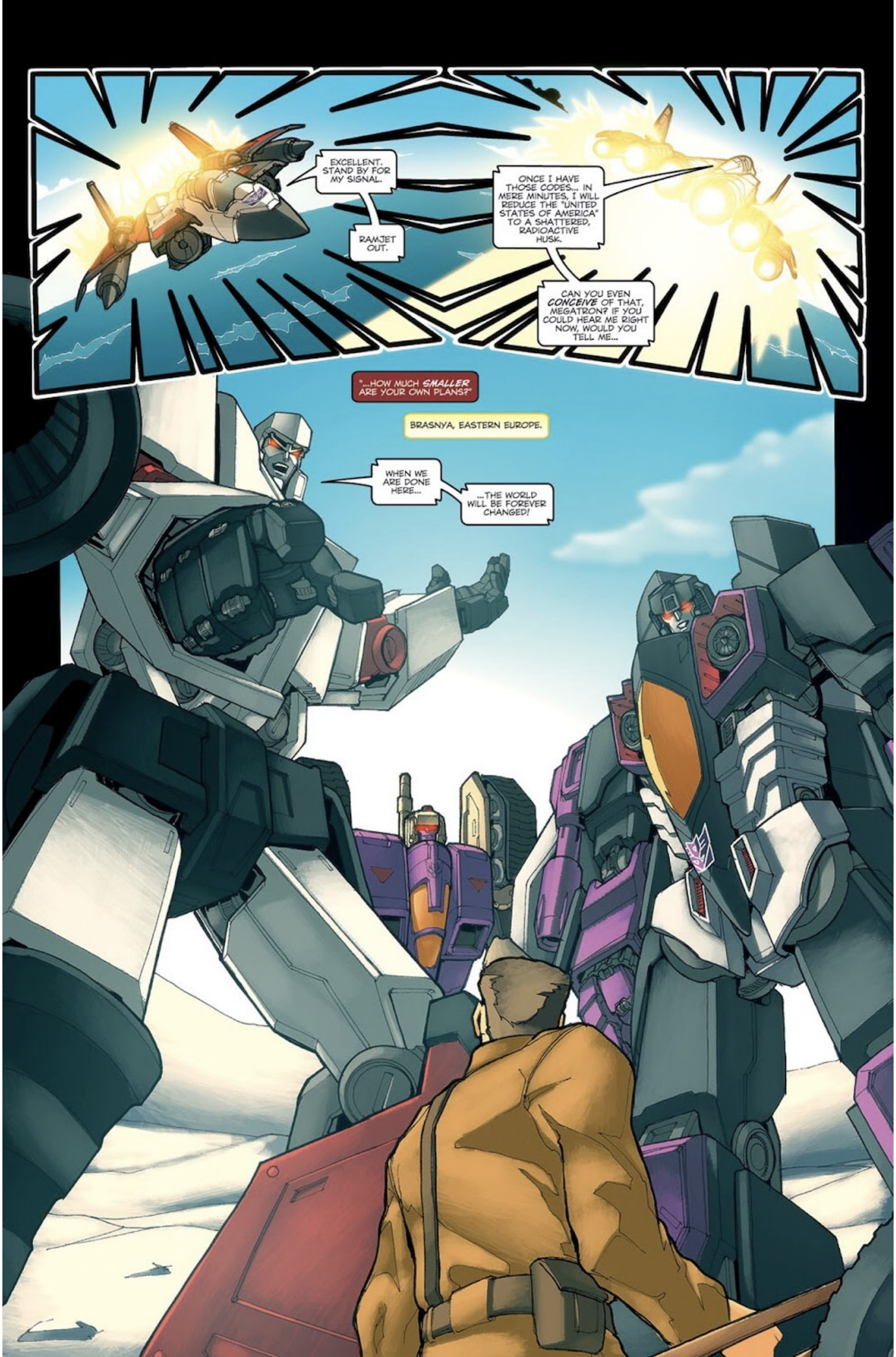

CALLING FACSIMILE *HARRISON*.
HARRISON– THIS IS YOUR MASTER. DO YOU READ?
GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 12:33 AM
LOCAL TIME: 7:33 PM
UH–YUH.
HARRISON– LISTEN CLOSELY. OUR TIMETABLE MUST BE STEPPED UP.
MY PLANS ARE APPROACHING FRUITION. LIKE A BEAUTIFUL MOSAIC, THEY REACH ACROSS TIME AND SPACE...
...AND *YOU* ARE A VITAL PART OF THEM.
ARE YOU READY?
UH...
GUH?


HARRISON, PLEASE FOCUS. YOU ARE A HUMAN FACSIMILE IN MY EMPLOY—AN ARTIFICIAL MAN.
CONSTRUCTED, SADLY, WITH EQUIPMENT *INFERIOR* TO THAT USED BY THE OTHER DECEPTICONS.

NEVERTHELESS, YOUR POSITION ON THE PENTAGON'S CLERICAL STAFF IS CRUCIAL TO MY PLANS.
YUH?
WHAT'S WITH *THAT* GUY?
I HEAR HE'S A NEW HIRE. HOLLYWOOD UNIVERSITY.
AH.

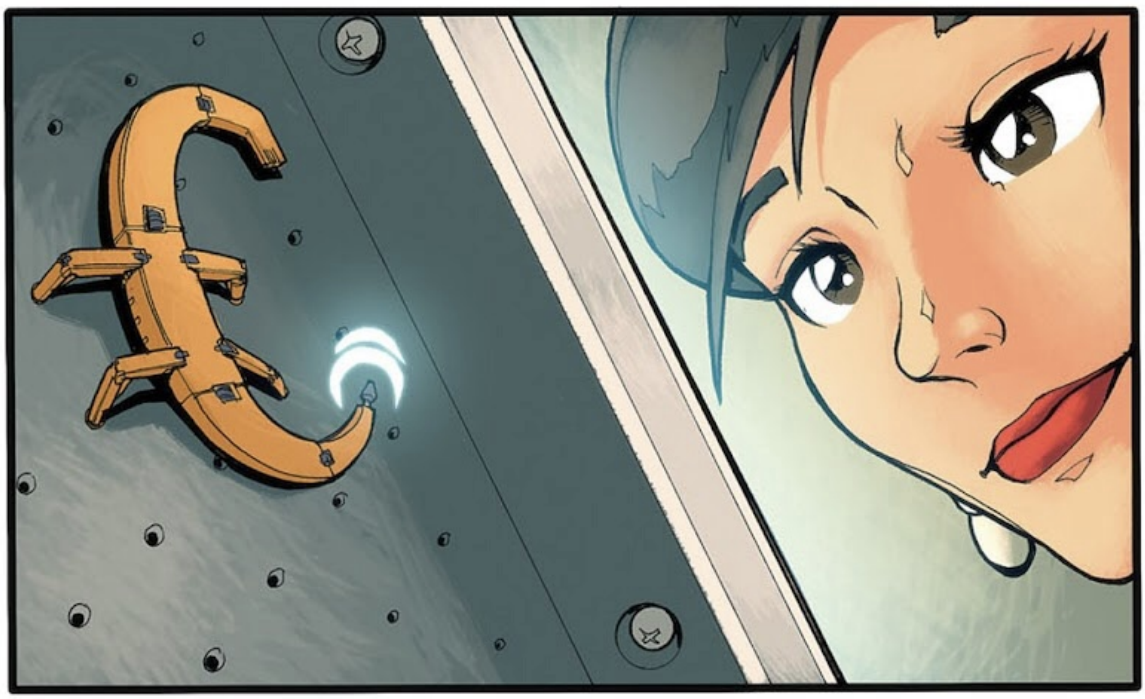
WHEN I GIVE THE WORD—I NEED YOU TO MEET ME AT THE PRE-ARRANGED LOCATION—
—WITH THE REMOTE MISSILE-LAUNCHER CODES YOU ACQUIRED LAST WEEK.
HARRISON: *CAN YOU DO THAT?*
UH...

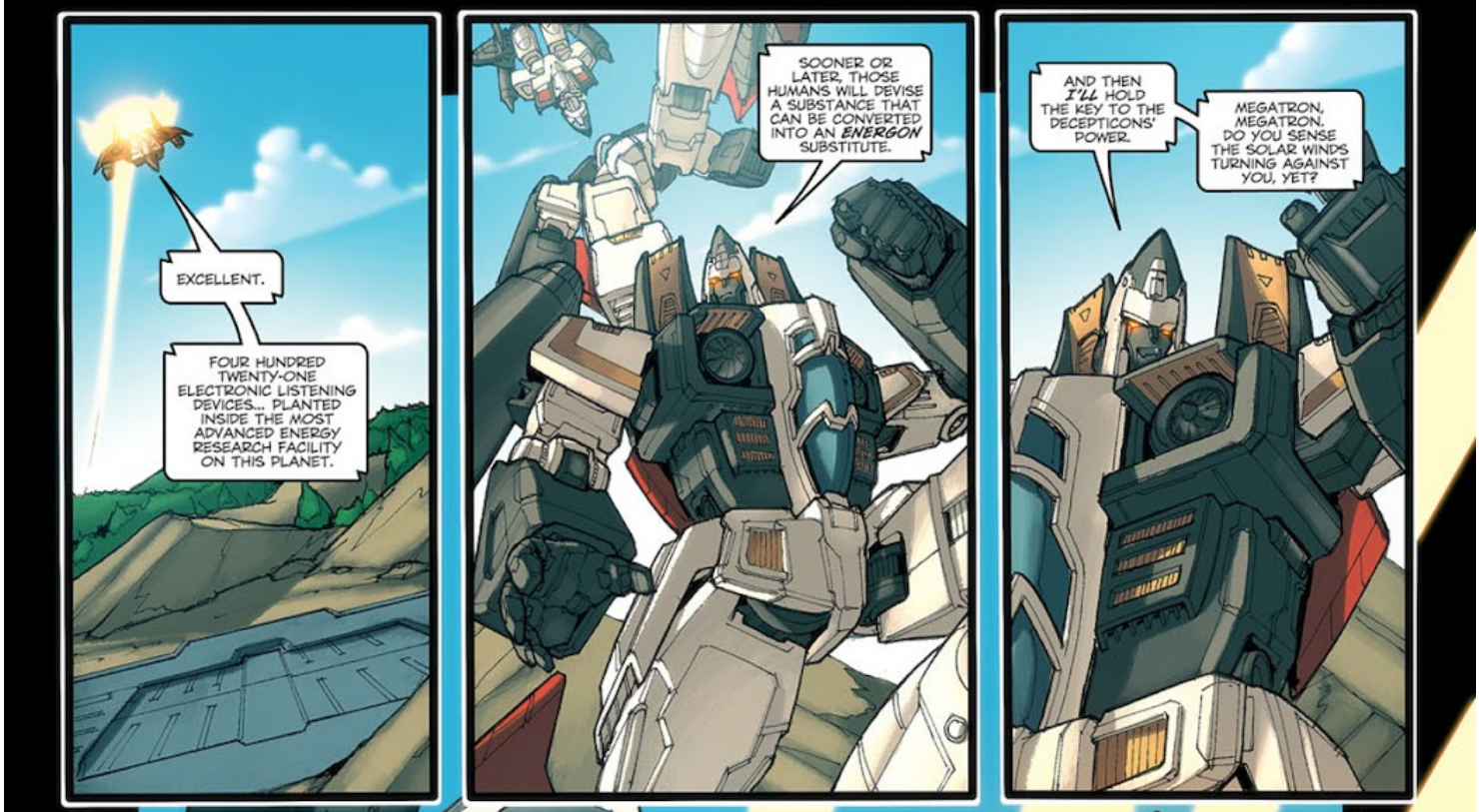
YUH.
I CAN DO IT.


EXCELLENT. STAND BY FOR MY SIGNAL.
RAMJET OUT.
ONCE I HAVE THOSE CODES... IN MERE MINUTES, I WILL REDUCE THE "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA" TO A SHATTERED, RADIOACTIVE HUSK.
CAN YOU EVEN CONCEIVE OF THAT, MEGATRON? IF YOU COULD HEAR ME RIGHT NOW, WOULD YOU TELL ME...
"...HOW MUCH SMALLER ARE YOUR OWN PLANS?"
BRASNYA, EASTERN EUROPE.
WHEN WE ARE DONE HERE...
...THE WORLD WILL BE FOREVER CHANGED!

GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 8:48 AM
LOCAL TIME: 9:48 AM
EUROPEAN UNION
ALTERNATIVE ENERGY RESEARCH
UNION EUROPÉENNE
CENTRE DE RECHERCHES D'ÉNERGIE AL
WIN €50,000
NEW INTERNATIONAL COMPETI
KEEP THIS FLYER

WIN €50,000
INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION
KEEP THIS FLYER




EXCELLENT.
FOUR HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE ELECTRONIC LISTENING DEVICES... PLANTED INSIDE THE MOST ADVANCED ENERGY RESEARCH FACILITY ON THIS PLANET.
SOONER OR LATER, THOSE HUMANS WILL DEVISE A SUBSTANCE THAT CAN BE CONVERTED INTO AN *ENERGON* SUBSTITUTE.
AND THEN *I'LL* HOLD THE KEY TO THE DECEPTICONS' POWER.
MEGATRON, MEGATRON. DO YOU SENSE THE SOLAR WINDS TURNING AGAINST YOU, YET?

BRASNYA
"CAN YOU FEEL THE NOOSE TIGHTENING AROUND YOUR NECK?"

GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 1:07 PM
LOCAL TIME: 6:07 AM
WHASSUP, R.J.! ONE UNIVERSAL CYBERTRONIC TRACKER.
EMCEES GOOD AS OUR WORD, YO!
EXCELLENT. ASSUMING IT WORKS...
YO, R.J., MAN.
WHEN ALL THIS OVER—WHEN YOU KING—
—YOU GON' REMEMBER YOUR BOYS, YEAH?
STRAIGHT UP.
YOU GIVE US A TASTE, RIGHT?
RIGHT?
FZZAT
FZZAT

GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 3:11 PM

LOCAL TIME: 10:11 AM

CO...CO...

CODES...

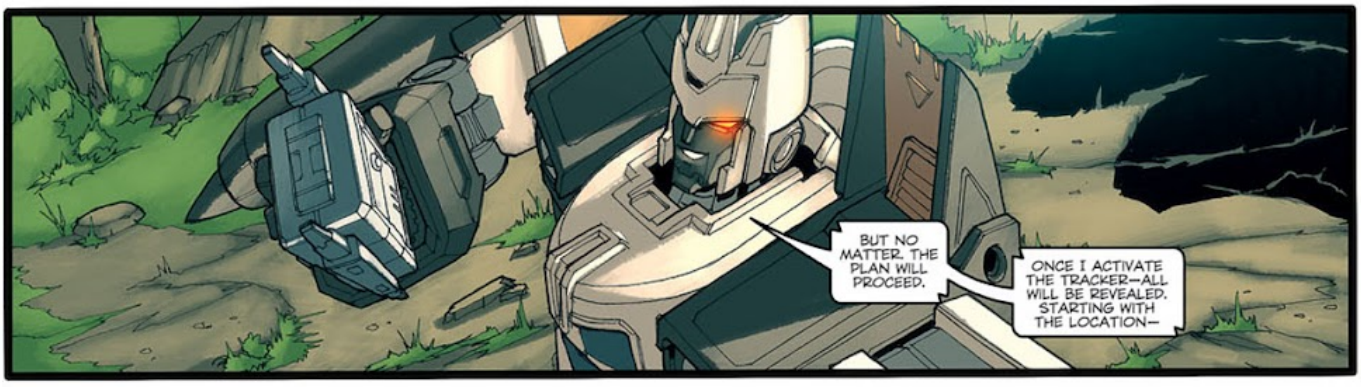
EXCELLENT.

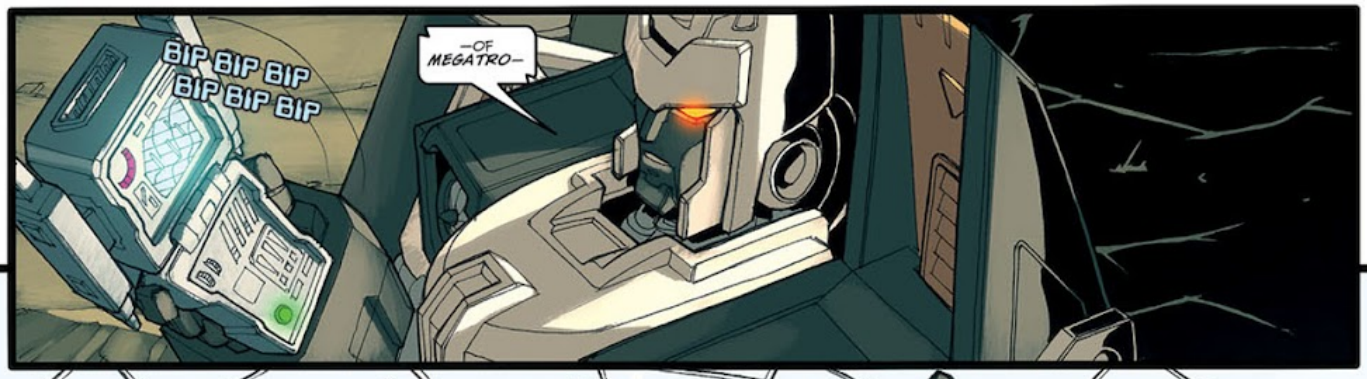
HARRISON...I REALIZE YOUR ARTIFICIAL LIFE-SPAN IS NEAR ITS END. BUT I MAY HAVE NEED OF YOU AGAIN.

FOR SOON... *ALL* THE DISPARATE PIECES OF MY PLAN WILL COME TOGETHER.

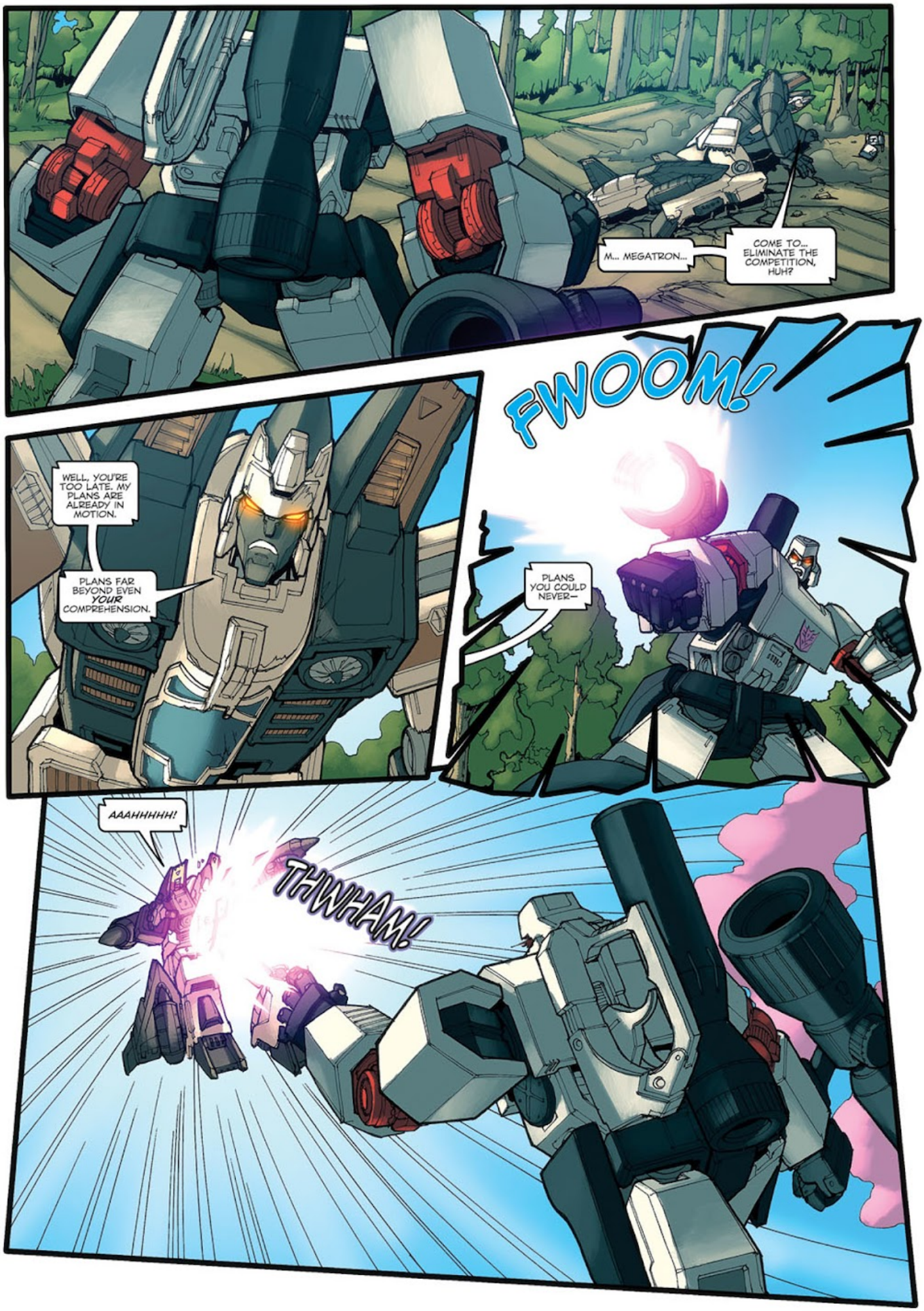
"WITH THE UNIVERSAL TRACKER, I CAN MONITOR THE LOCATIONS OF *ALL* CYBERTRONIANS, ANYWHERE IN THE GALAXY—*AUTOBOTS* AND
"MEANWHILE, A NEWLY DEVELOPED ENERGON SUBSTITUTE WILL FREE ME FROM RELIANCE ON MEGATRON—AND FREE THE OTHER DECEPTICONS, AS WELL, TO FOLLOW *ME*.
"THEN, WHEN I SET OFF THIS NATION'S ENTIRE ARSENAL OF MISSILES—THE PLANET WILL BE THROWN INTO *CHAOS*—
"—ALLOWING MY FELLOW DECEPTICONS—BY THEN, MY *SLAVES*—TO STRIP THIS WORLD OF ITS PRECIOUS RESOURCES.
"AND YET, THAT TOO IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY PLANS. MY BEAUTIFUL, NONLINEAR VISION OF THE FUTURE.
"SOON MY M2C'S— *MICRO*CONSTRUCTICONS—WILL BE PERFECTED. WHEN INJECTED INTO THE HUMANS' BLOODSTREAMS, THEY WILL GRANT ME TOTAL CONTROL OF EVERY MAN AND WOMAN ON EARTH.
"AND THEN—ONCE A FEW FINAL ENGINEERING DEFECTS ARE OVERCOME—THE *SUPERSTRING SPACEBRIDGE* WILL ASSURE MY *ETERNAL DOMINION* OVER—"
THOK

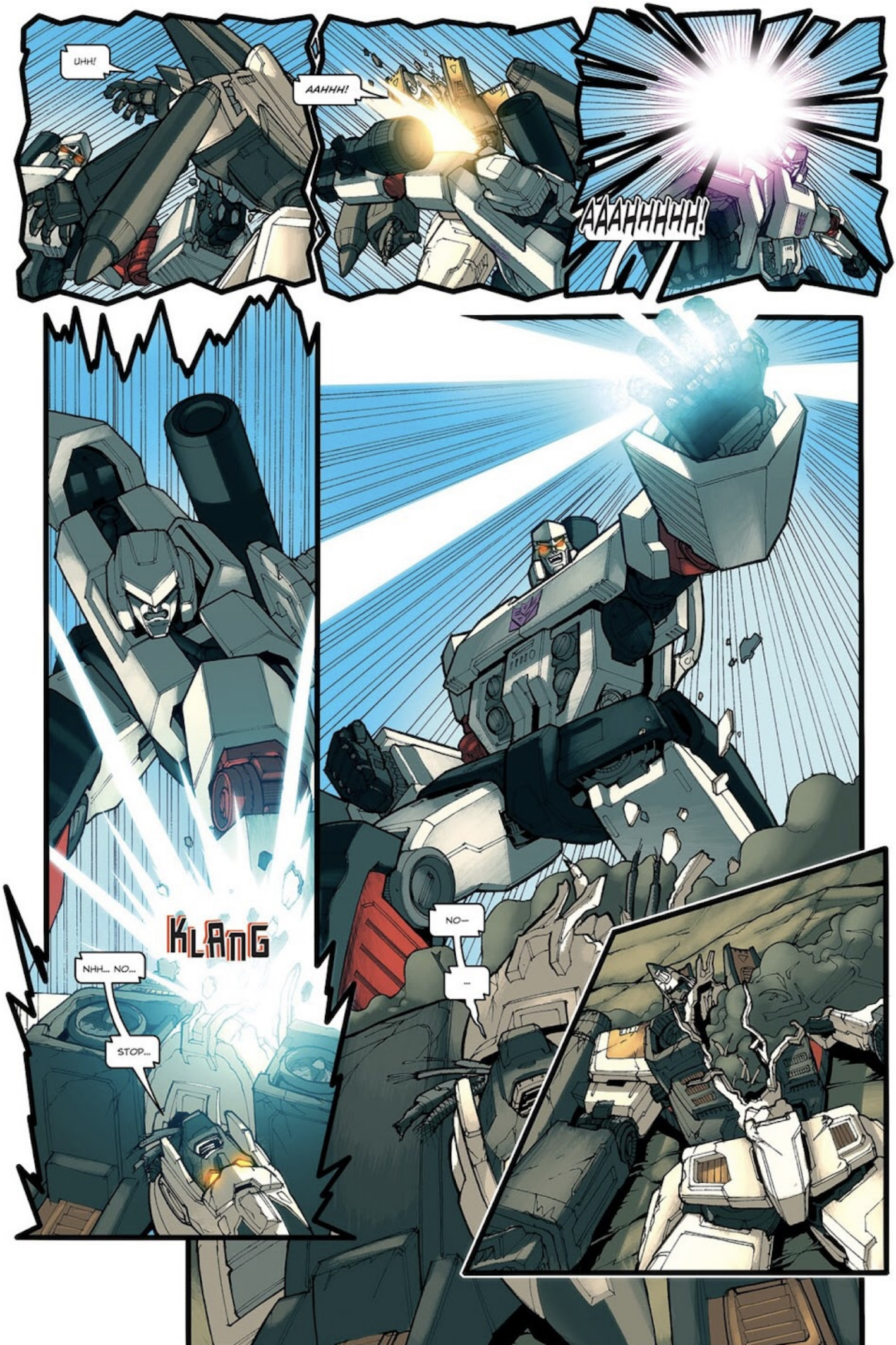
AH. POOR HARRISON...
IT APPEARS YOUR FACSIMILE BODY WORE OUT A BIT AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.


BUT NO MATTER. THE PLAN WILL PROCEED.
ONCE I ACTIVATE THE TRACKER—ALL WILL BE REVEALED. STARTING WITH THE LOCATION—


BIP BIP BIP
BIP BIP BIP
—OF MEGATRO—

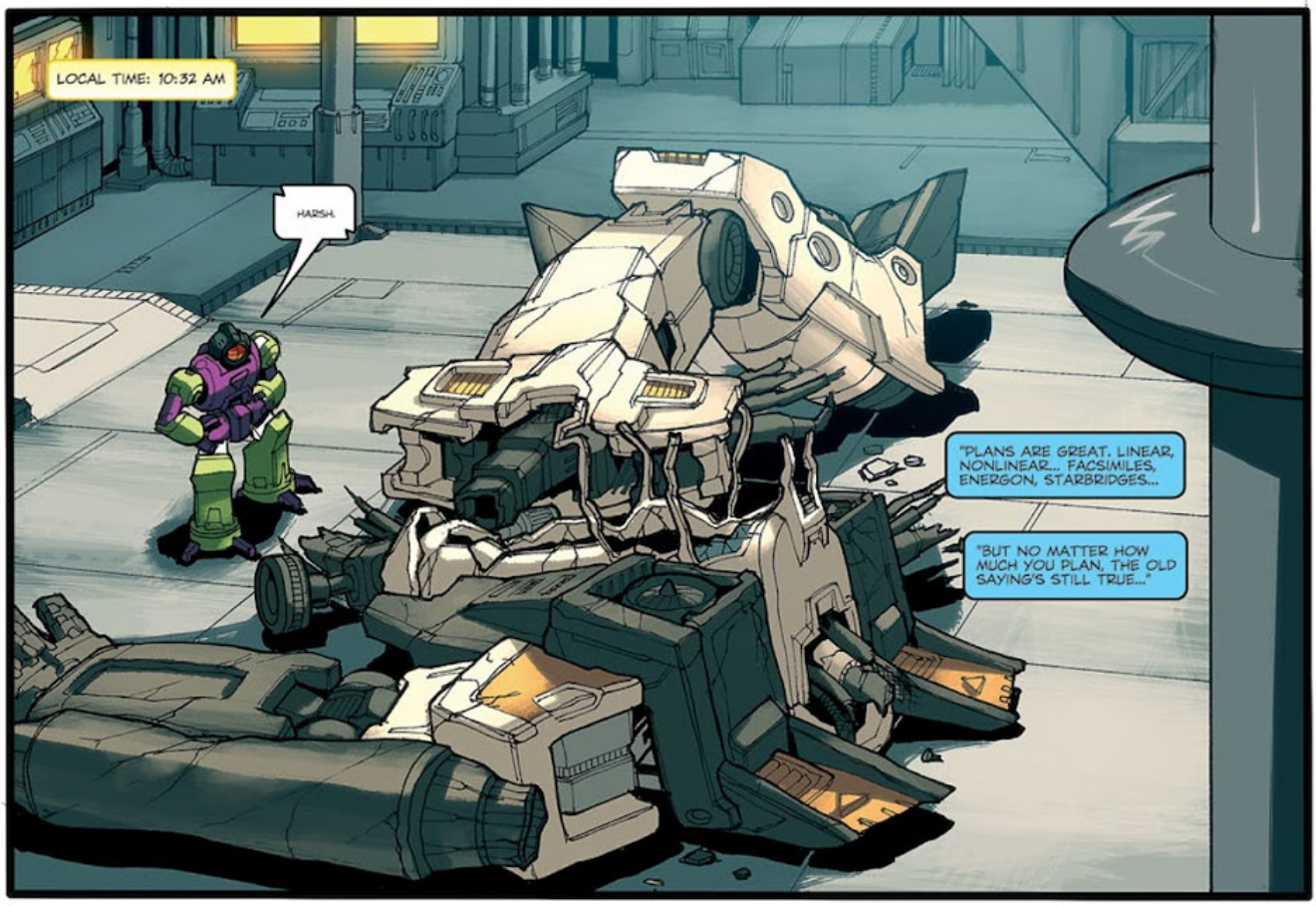
UUHHHH!
CHOKK


M... MEGATRON...
COME TO... ELIMINATE THE COMPETITION, HUH?
WELL, YOU'RE TOO LATE. MY PLANS ARE ALREADY IN MOTION.
PLANS FAR BEYOND EVEN YOUR COMPREHENSION.
FWOOM!
PLANS YOU COULD NEVER—
AAAHHHHH!
THWHAM!


UHH!
AAHHH!
AAAHHHHH!
KLANG
NHH... NO...
STOP...
NO—
...

GREENWICH MEAN TIME: 5:32 PM
LOCAL TIME: 12:32 PM

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY RESEARCH CENTER
UNION EUROPÉENE
CENTRE DE RECHERCHES D'ÉNERGIE ALTERNATIVE
LOCAL TIME: 6:32 PM


LOCAL TIME: 10:32 AM
HARSH.
"PLANS ARE GREAT. LINEAR, NONLINEAR... FACSIMILES, ENERGON, STARBRIDGES...
"BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PLAN, THE OLD SAYING'S STILL TRUE..."

...ALWAYS BET ON THE LEADER.
THE END.